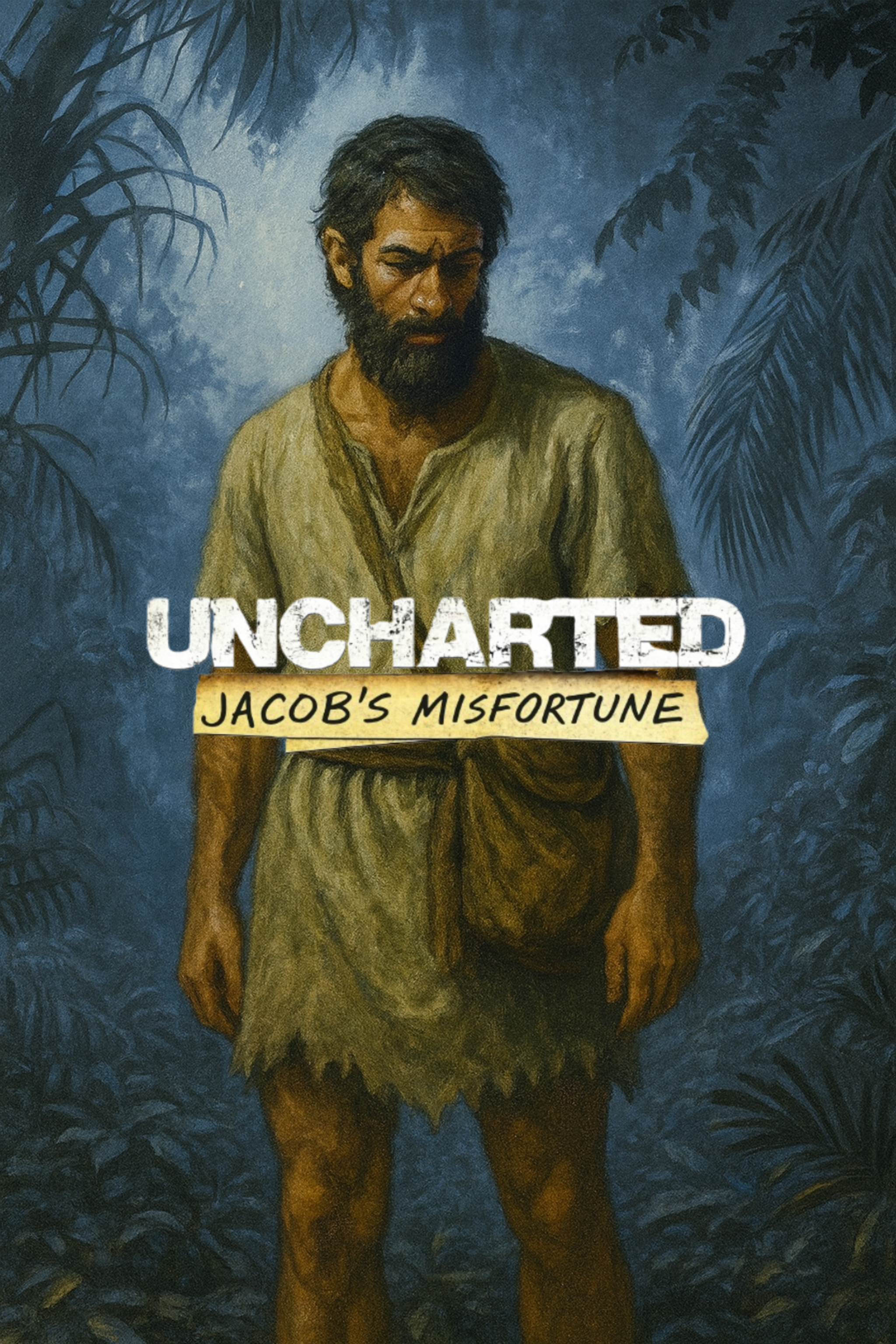

UNCHARTED
JACOB'S MISFORTUNE

Nathan Drake

A fugitive of his own deceit,
sleeping beneath Heaven's gaze,

he dreamed of ladders and promises
that reached beyond shame.

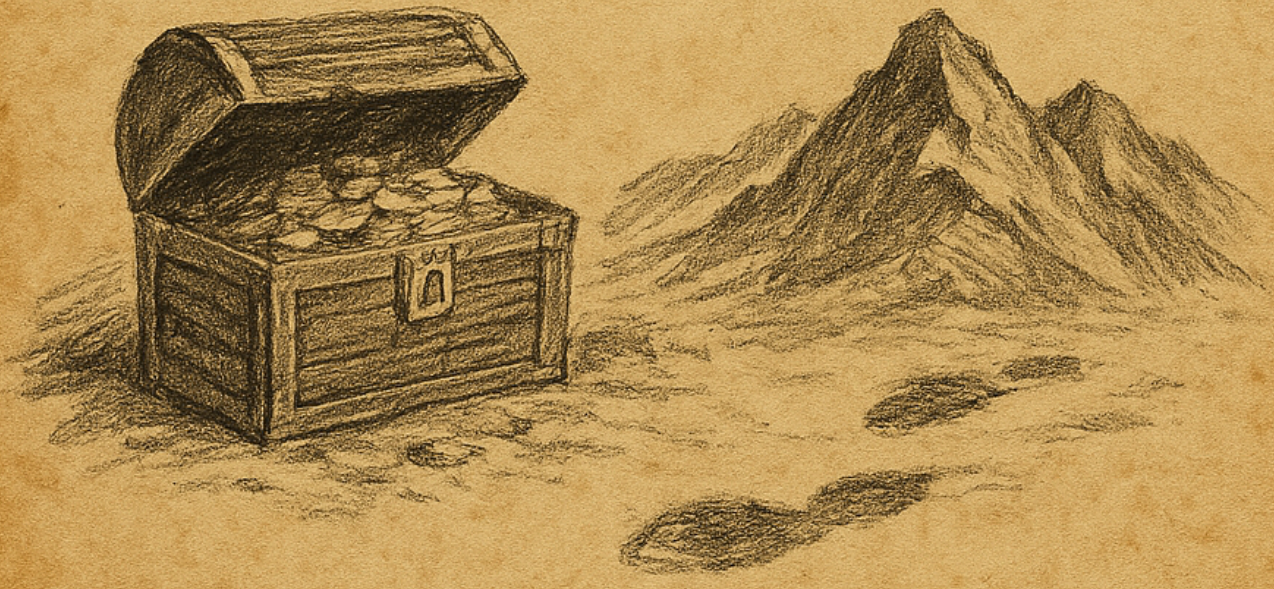
I don't know where to go.
The air still smells of my
brother's wrath -

Sam's face burned red as iron -
and now word spreads:
he's coming for me.

I can almost hear the hooves...

pounding like thunder
behind my heartbeat.

this feels heavier
than gold, I must say



look, God,
idk about letting go
of the wheel

do you actually really
care?

what if i die?

why does the night
still chase me?

Two beautiful ones keep
circling my map —
Chloe and Elena.

Chloe was the one I wanted.
She glowed like buried treasure

When I saw her at the well,
it was like you painted the sun
around her.

I worked seven years for her smile.

I thought the old man
cared for me.

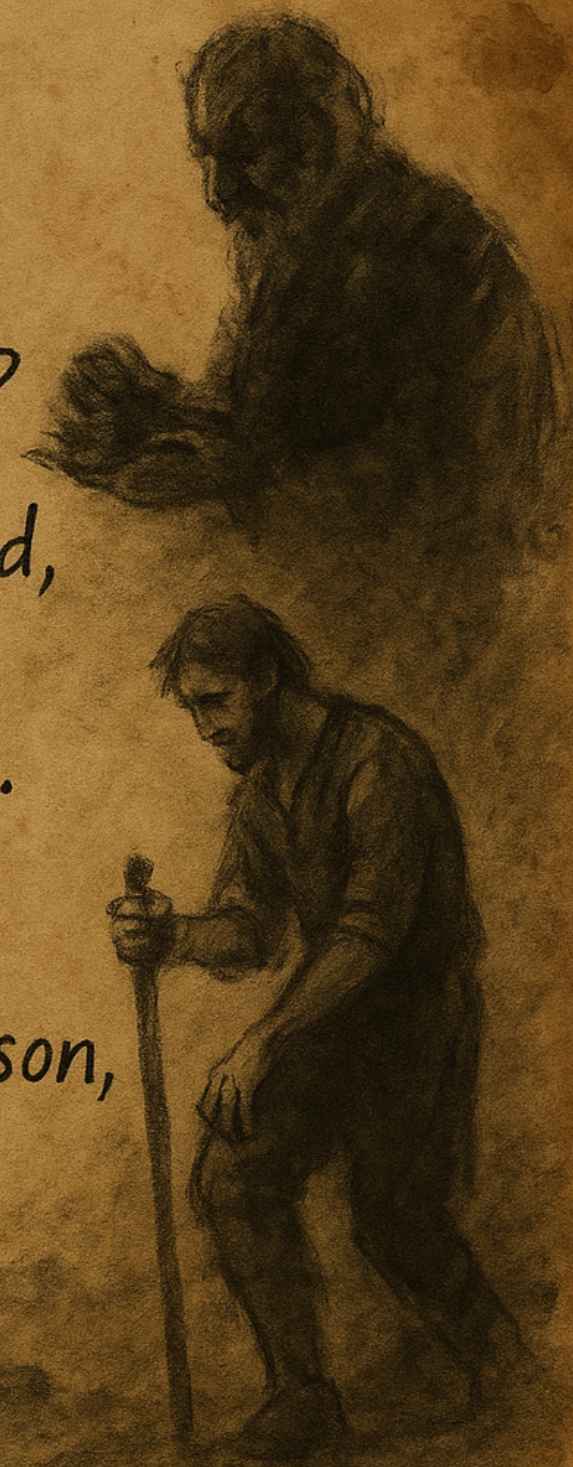
Laban.

But it wasn't love.
It was a deal, huh?

Every sheep I raised,
every well I dug,
he was counting it.

Counting me.

I served him like a son,
but he saw me like
a number.



Then I saw Elena,
She was the proof that
I'd been tricked,

the face I couddn't boast about.

At first, I hated her silence,
but her love felt like home.

Then Sam started coming.

Then i saw

It's time I go.

I'll write
more after.